

Manitoba Smashes Through Season Undeclared

Manitoba Downs Alberta In Great Rugby Game

Varsity Puts Up Thrilling Fight—Score Not Indicative of Play—Manitoba Outplayed for Three Periods—Fumbles and Faulty Passing Expensive for Alberta

Not the greatest team that ever represented Alberta, but one that comes close to being the hardest to beat, fought off the challenge of the intercollegiate champions for three-quarters of Wednesday's game and carried the fight to the Manitobans to lead 2-1 at the three-quarter mark. The much lighter Alberta line outplayed the champions for the entire three quarters, and only a marked superiority of the "Toba" backfield kept the Albertans from scoring more than two points. A display of plunging by Freddy Gale that rivalled the exhibition put up by the famed Red Currie, carried Alberta in, but the needed punch was lacking to make the major scores. Currie and Tomlinson led the Manitoba attack that pounded steadily at the line all afternoon until in the fourth quarter a march of fifty yards brought the first touchdown. Manitoba's second touch came when Miller intercepted Hall's pass to Timothy on the Alberta 20 yard line and crossed the line standing up.

The Manitoba team showed nothing in the way of spectacular football. Most of their gains were in plunges of a few yards through the line. Alberta made most of their gains by Gale's plunges or by runs around the end by Timothy, who played the best game of the season.

The play-by-play description of the game:

Alberta kicked off to Tomlinson, who ran the ball back to the 35. Rycraft plunged for 4 yards. Currie plunged for three more, and Tomlinson kicked to Hall, who was tackled on the 45. Alberta lost one down for an offside on the first play, and Timothy went around the end for 4 on the second. Hall kicked to Tomlinson, who was downed on the "Toba" 40. Currie fumbled the ball on the end run, but Tomlinson recovered and "Toba" gained three. Stringer plunged for 6 more. Tomlinson kicked a long one to Hall on the third down. On the first play Gale went 25 on a wide buck. An attempted forward went astray and Timothy gained five around the end on the next play. Hall kicked again to Tomlinson, who was downed on the "Toba" 35. Rycraft gained 6. Johnston was stopped at the line. Alberta crashed through to block the punt, but Miller recovered for Manitoba on the 20. Stringer plunged for 4. Tomlinson went 2 more. Tomlinson kicked on the third down to Hall, who took the ball at center, but threw wild to Timothy, and the ball went to Manitoba at the

50. Tomlinson plunged for 6. Doctor gained only 1. Tomlinson kicked to Hall, who was stopped on the 10 line. Cameron was stopped for no gain. Hall kicked out on the 45. "Toba" gained two around the end, and Currie went through the center for 4. Tomlinson kicked to Hall on the goal line, but Al got out about three yards. Chown gained 3 on the first play, but there was no gain on the second. Hall kicked to Tomlinson on the 50. Doctor plunged for 3 and Stringer was downed for no gain on the next play. Tomlinson punted a long one behind the goal line, but Timothy ran it out to the 15. Alberta failed to gain on the first play and was offside on the second. Hall kicked to "Toba" on the 38, and on the first play "Toba" kicked out on the 12. Parks was stopped for 3.

Quarter time: Alberta 0, Manitoba 0.

Chown was nailed behind the line on the first play. Hall kicked to Tomlinson, who failed to get a yard. Parks stopped Rycraft on the first play. Tomlinson fumbled the ball when "Toba" fumbled on the next play. Hall kicked to Tomlinson and when Tomlinson fumbled, Miller fell on the ball. "Toba" lost a down for offside and Currie gained 1 on the second. "Toba" kicked to Hall on the center line and Hall passed to Timothy, but no gain was made. Hunter went 20 on the end of an extension. Currie was sent off for scrapping. Chown was stopped for no gain. Chown cut in on the next play and was again nailed for no gain. Hall kicked to Tomlinson, and Hunter roused him when he was sloppy in handling the ball. "Toba" gained 4 from the 25 line when Tomlinson plunged. Stringer gained 3 more on the next play. Tomlinson kicked to Hall on the 50. Timothy went around the end for 20, and Gale failed to make any yards on the next play. Cameron plunged for 8. Hall kicked to Tomlinson, and he was nailed on the 10. Manitoba failed to gain, and Tomlinson kicked to Timothy on the center line. Mickey went 35 around the end, and Cameron was held on the next play. MacDonald fumbled, and Doctor recovered on the Manitoba 20. Currie to Tomlinson around the end gained 20. Stringer went 7 and Proudfoot 2 through the line, and then Tomlinson kicked to Hall on the 40. Burke plunged for 2 and Chown got 4 more on the next play. Burke kicked to Tomlinson on the "Toba" 40. Currie went through the center for 9, and Tomlinson threw a pass right over Litch's head when he was wide open. Tomlinson kicked on the next play, and Austin ran the kick back to the 30. A short end play was smeared, and "Toba" received a kick at center. Two "Toba" passes in a row were smeared and they were penalized 10.

Half time: Alberta 1, Manitoba 0.

"Toba" kicked to Hall, who was downed on the 15. Chown went 3 on the first play, and the next 55. Tomlinson took the kick on the 55. Rycraft went for 5 and Doctor for 4. Tomlinson kicked to touch in goal for one point.

Alberta put the ball on the 30 line when Timothy gained 5 on the first play. Timothy fumbled on the next, but recovered the ball. Hall kicked to Tomlinson on the 50, and the first play "Toba" kicked back to Timothy, who ran back to the Alberta 30. Mickey was stopped on a spinner, and an extension was smeared. Tomlinson took the kick back to the "Toba" 35. On the first play Tomlinson went around the end for 5. Currie got 3 more, and then Tomlinson kicked to Hall on the 40. Gale plunged 15. Timothy went for two on the first play, and Chown went 6 on the next. An extension from Chown to Timothy went for 30. Gale and Chown were both stopped on the next two plays, and an attempted placement on the third was blocked. Alberta recovered the ball, and after failing to gain on two plays, Hall kicked to Johnston, who was roused by Hutton. Johnston gained 13 and Rycraft was stopped. Hall took the ball back to the 40 on the kick. Gordon and MacDonald were stopped, and Hall kicked to Tomlinson. Alberta ends failed to give yards, and Manitoba got 15 on the penalty. Stringer plunged 8 on the first play and 10 more on the second. Currie gained 9 on the next two plays. Tomlinson kicked short to the Alberta 25, where Alberta was held for two plays.

Three-quarter time: Alberta 2, Manitoba 1.

Hall kicked to center, and "Toba" lost 10 on the first play. Tomlinson kicked to the Alberta 30. Hall kicked to Tomlinson, who ran back 30 to the Alberta 40. Currie gained 3 on the next play and then "Toba" lost 10 for offside. Tomlinson kicked short, and Stuart takes it on the Alberta 35.

(Continued on page 4)

DISARMAMENT

By L.L.A.

This week has seen the almost universal observation of Remembrance Day in nearly every part of the world. The day has been dedicated to the memory of those who served and fell in the course of the greatest catastrophe which has ever overtaken modern civilization, the Great War of 1914-18. Unfortunately, all too often this ceremony, dedicated to those who, dying in "The War to End War," fell in the cause of peace, is marred by the renewing of old racial and national hates and prejudices of the pre-war days.

Today, a little more than thirteen years after the Armistice, we can look back upon a period of mingled success and failure in the cause of world peace. The League of Nations and the World Court represent a distinct advance in theory at least over anything that antedates them, yet even these seem powerless to deal effectively with the latest serious crisis, so that on Wednesday last we had the disheartening opportunity of reading that on November 11, 1931, British troops were back in the trenches, for all intents and purposes the trenches they were supposed to have left for good thirteen years ago, although to be sure the scene of action this time is in the Far East instead of Europe.

The situation of the moment is grave. With war upon a large scale imminent in the Far East it would appear that the only factor which will prevent the various world powers from being drawn into the conflict is the fact that they are still too badly off financially as a result of the last war to take part.

Another factor, perhaps the most important factor in the disturbing situation in which the world finds itself today, is the race for supremacy in armaments. While efforts have been made to reduce these the actual success attending these efforts is questionable. Definite figures upon this point are difficult to obtain since, as always, the operations are veiled in deepest secrecy, yet from all reports which are available it would seem that the same disastrous race for strength in armaments which preceded the last war is being carried on with undiminished vigour today. If permitted to continue unchecked it cannot help but have the most disastrous effects upon the social and economic welfare of the entire world.

The very pressing need for some sort of active propaganda for the furtherance of the ideal of world peace, particularly stressing the danger of competitive construction of armaments, has, however, been seen by a great many persons in nearly every country in the world. When the movement for world peace was first started its protagonists were hailed as a somewhat amusing lot of cranks who were trying to change a situation which was "entirely natural" in the normal course of events. However, it has by now been pretty generally demonstrated that war, at present viewed in somewhat the same light as was murder a few centuries ago, can like murder be outlawed by concerted public opinion, and indeed must be outlawed if civilization as we know it is to stand a chance of survival.

Of the many truisms which we hear so frequently today, few are more true than that "Old men make wars for young men to fight." War does, and always will, fall in greatest measure upon the youth of the country. One of the most fundamental injustices of modern government is that the young men of 18 to 21 who are always amongst the first to be called to die are denied even the chance to vote upon the governments which sign their death-warrants, although it must be admitted that even those who are entitled to vote have practically no voice in the deciding for or against war.

Realizing that upon youth falls a great deal of the brunt of the conflict, and that with the youth of the world rests the responsibility of shaping for itself the world in which it is to live, the Universities of Canada are sponsoring this fall a campaign for world peace, aimed principally for the time being at international disarmament. Local groups have been formed at the various Canadian Universities to promote the idea, and the campaign is being started by the circulation of a disarmament petition, and by lectures by prominent advocates of world peace. The lecture given by Dr. Mack Eastman here yesterday morning is the first of these.

Considerable criticism has been aroused by the wording and construction of the petition which is being circulated. While we feel that the wording of the petition is unfortunate and might be improved upon, we feel that the object of the petition is not so much a particular point, but rather a concerted expression of student opinion throughout Canada. So we ask you not to refuse your signature to the petition because of some legal quibble as to its exact meaning, if you are fundamentally in favor of disarmament, and that you would assist your local committee in every way possible in the constantly increasing efforts to insure world peace for yourselves and for the men and women of the future. Students, the choice is yours! Three days ago you stood in solemn remembrance of your fathers, your brothers and your friends who died that you might have peace. See to it that their sacrifice shall not have been in vain.

Snappy Radio Programs by Studes Prove Very Popular

Young Artists Showered with Congratulations—Seniors Maintain High Standard Set by Others—Gateway Staff in the Offing

Radio listeners are beginning to sit up and take notice of the Varsity Variety half-hour broadcast given each Friday evening. In fact, they not only sit up, but they stand up and phone the studio to congratulate the artists on the splendid program being given.

No doubt the readers of The Gateway who do not hear these programs would like to get some inside information on the broadcasts of the last two Fridays.

The program given by the Juniors on Oct. 30 was a credit to them. Three artists (including the announcer) supplied the whole program.

Mr. Bill Wheatley was in great form. His two vocal solos, "Sunrise and You" and "Miss Hannah" must have persuaded many a faithful listener that he was the answer to a "Maiden's Prayer."

Many were the compliments paid to Miss Mary Cadzow's rendition of the piano solos, "Manhattan Serenade" and "Mood Indigo."

The latter number especially drew forth much favorable comment. One gentleman, I believe it was the announcer, said that it took him a week to bleach the indigo mood into which Miss Cadzow had cast him. This program was ably arranged by Mr. Bert Cairns.

Excellent as were the programs rendered by the Frosh, Sophs and Juniors, yet the senior program of last Friday outdistanced them all.

Mr. James MacDonald sang two solos accompanied by Miss D. Argue. "Kashmiri Song" and "You Will Remember Vienna." Mr. MacDonald has an exceptionally good voice, and his singing is always rich in expression.

ATTENTION, RUGBY PLAYERS!

Please turn in all rugby equipment to check room (32 Athabasca) as soon as possible.

BILL ROBINSON, Central Check.

Sophomores Receive Freshmen; Frosh Happy to be Received

Snappy Music, Good Supper, and, Unusual Feature, Enough Dancing Room—Frosh Resisted Lure of Dinner Coats

Once again the Sophomores showed the Freshmen that all their unkindness of the first week was only a mistake—Sophomores really had a deep, profound love for Freshmen. Because of this sincere feeling they received them into their arms Saturday. For Frosh, also Sophs and others, there was wine (punch), women (co-eds) and song (orchestra). This is not mentioning the refreshments, of course.

Sophomores must be a hardworking species—anyway, that's the way it seems, judging by the decorations. You may not know it, but that picture sign over the punch said, "Drinks here, the pause that refreshes." Really, though, those Chinese languages were quite effective, even if no one knew what most of them meant. One co-ed was heard to desire, in an earnest sort of way, one of those parasols that coyly hid the corner lights. The lanterns strung around the rest of the lights gave a gay color effect that just added the proper touch to the whole decoration scheme.

The Varsity Orchestra seemed to be in especially good form—say what you like, but they're one keen band of players.

Quite to the relief of everybody the dance didn't start on time. Think of all the people you could knock over with a feather if the Soph Reception started on time. This idea of playing an extra while the dancers are being introduced to the patronesses seems to be a good idea. It used to be that one just counted the first dance "out."

After the first dance began an earnest consultation of the pretty black and gold programs, followed by blank looks of consternation, then a dawning look of joy as the hunt began. This is one place where the rubber man of the circus would have a real good time.

The Sophomores, just so they wouldn't crowd things and so everybody would have a good time, had arranged for two suppers. The first contingent had supper while they listened to the music played for the two extras, to which the rest danced. Believe it or not, that was a good supper. Some kind of jelly concoction salad, bread and butter, cake and

coffee. The pink and green decorations of the tables were something new in color schemes, but everyone seemed to manage all right.

Those moonlight dances seem to be a feature this year, and it's a good bet that the more prominent that feature becomes the more the students are going to like it. When there is just the right-sized crowd as there was at the Soph, the dancing is really good, and the unusual amount of free floor space is truly appreciated.

Dr. Norman Stover, the honorary president, and Mrs. Stover, Miss Dodd, Dr. and Mrs. Robt. Wallace, Dr. and Mrs. McEachran, and the executive of the Sophomore class were the honored guests of the evening.

STUDENTS OBSERVE 2-MINUTE SILENCE

Students Exhibited Their Interest by Turning Out in Large Numbers

At eleven o'clock on Wednesday the civilized world stood in silent commemoration of the War Dead. Through that silence there came from the west the sound of marching men and the echo of distant guns. The lesson had not been learned. Though we have heeded not their warning we have honored them in death. The solemn funeral music played again their Requiem.

Throughout the brief service a note of simple sincerity was maintained. Our national anthem was followed by the President's prayer. The Glee Club sang Elgar's "They are at rest," the words were by John Henry Newman. They rendered it in a manner to be highly commended.

Dr. Nichols' first organ solo, not including the Processional, was Harwood's Requiem Aeternam. It is a Roman Catholic funeral song containing the music of the Mass for the Dead. Those of us who have never had the privilege of hearing this song were thrilled by the manner in which the choir brought out the antiphon, the choir answering from side to side of the sanctuary.

The deep solemnity of the organ was a fitting prelude to the two minutes of silence that followed. One cannot think of a mightier tribute than this—a nation in quiet prayer. We remained standing to sing a hymn well chosen for the occasion, but under the circumstances I wish it had been, "Lest We Forget."

The first of the second group of organ solos was particularly interesting because it was a symphony of new world music. Weaved into the composition here and there one could catch a hint of a southern melody or a bit of a pioneer song. The Trauer march was played by a symphony orchestra at Mendelssohn's own funeral in Leipzig. It was indeed a fitting burial march for the countless hundreds we were mourning.

ALTA. GRADUATE'S ART ON EXHIBITION

Graduate in Architecture Now a Member of the British Royal Institute

Of special interest to Alberta University students is the art display to be seen on the second floor of the Arts Building. The display comprises a series of pencil and color drawings by Neil M. Stewart, B.A. '23 (Alberta); B.Sc. (McGill), and Associate of the Royal Institute of British Architects. "Travel Sketches" is the title of the series.

While the greater part of the artist's work consists of studies of architectural detail (done in thorough and interesting fashion), there are some excellent treatments of figures and landscapes. The subjects are drawn from life in England, France, Italy and Egypt. Mr. Stewart has taken great pains with his work.

Among the many attractive drawings, there are a number which have particular attraction. "St. Michael's Mount," a pencil sketch, is one of these; other fine pencil drawings are "Rue du Bain-Aux-Plantes (Strasbourg)," "Market Cross, Castle Coombs, Wiltshire," "Cafe Scene—Kairouan," and a very amusing study of Arab trousers. The color works include, "Sanctuary Knecker—Durham Cathedral," "The Chapter House—York," "Tunis and Kairouan yielded such subjects as 'Shepherd Boy' and 'The Rugmaker.' From Venice comes 'Palazzo Ducale,' and 'Palazzo S. Marco,' and several other noteworthy efforts.

Neil Stewart's collection may be seen at any time up to 1:30 on Saturday.

YEAR BOOK

Refunds may be received from the General Office by presentation of Green and Gold cards on Nov. 18, 19, 20, 21.

Persons withdrawing this money forfeit their right to a book upon publication next March.



THE GATEWAY

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STUDENT DISCIPLINE DISCUSSION

A somewhat puzzling situation has arisen in the matter of discipline among the students of this university, and we feel that comment is necessary.

Believing that the standard of discipline might be raised in certain directions, the authorities have proposed a stricter supervision in those directions. The Disciplinary Committee (and the authorities) feel that it would be unfair to ask that the students' representatives in disciplinary matters see to the enforcement of the proposed restrictions, and some controversy has been occasioned as to the influence of the latter on the powers and usefulness of the Committee. To us, it appears that both the Disciplinary Committee and the Committee on Student Affairs stand to lose much of their present importance if the proposals are carried into effect, since judgments satisfactory to both bodies may be reversed by the authorities with or without cognisance of the considerations which were responsible for the original decisions. On the campus, of course, the House Committees may also have their decisions over-ridden, or those things which they see fit to ignore may be brought up by the authorities and sentence passed irrespective of the Committees' views. This possibility is a potential death-blow to the student disciplinary bodies: The Act to Provide for Student Discipline, ratified by the university authorities a few years ago, may be set at naught in any case which promises to hold a degree of importance.

However, matters may not come to so serious a point. The important student bodies interested are meeting next week to consider the principles involved, and it may be that some satisfactory result will follow.

CROWDING AND PUTRESCENCE

As someone recently remarked, the Men's Common Rooms of this institution receive supervision by a Common Room Committee only when the cold weather has arrived—and then it is the upper chamber that is supervised more or less thoroughly; the Lower Common Room is already in a particularly bad condition, but is not looked after by any authoritative body: it isn't fit for use, under present conditions.

It is usually about thirty below zero weather when a long-dormant Committee prods itself into reluctant action, and pays an official visit to the upper "Com." The pickings are good: numerous tardy gentlemen have left coats and hats on the tables in their rush to eight-thirty classes, instead of taking them downstairs to hang them up (there are no empty hooks available, of course). The Common Room Committee collects each item of clothing and makes off with its swag—usually to the Students' Union Office. The year's activities of these zealous officials are then almost completed: nothing remains but to charge irate coat-and-hat owners ten cents for regaining their outer coverings. The money collected, the Committee then has no worries for the remainder of the session, and can add a small amount to the Students' Union surplus, if their expenses haven't come too high.

The Lower Common Room is in a frightful condition. There is an annual increase in the number of men students who eat there, talk there, and play bridge there, and the air they breathe is, frankly, filthy. We venture to say that there is not a farm animal living in our department of agriculture buildings which has to submit to such intolerable conditions. The circulation of air is practically nil: the well-known Arts Building ventilation system is shown at its worst—a statement which means something.

From the standpoint of those who like a reasonable amount of care in the handling of property, it is surprising that no committee seems to take charge of the Lower Common Room, unfitted for use as it is, and prevents wanton damage to the place's few bits of furniture. At least four completely shattered chairs have been evident during the past week or two.

What is needed, of course, is ample space for the hanging of coats and the eating of lunches. Add to that a reasonably active Common Room Committee, and we shall have reasonably decent conditions. Perhaps that long-awaited library will be built to accommodate hats and coats and diners: until that time, we must swelter or freeze or strangle, and leave our haberdashery, in an almost sickening environment.

THOSE NEWSPAPER HEADLINES

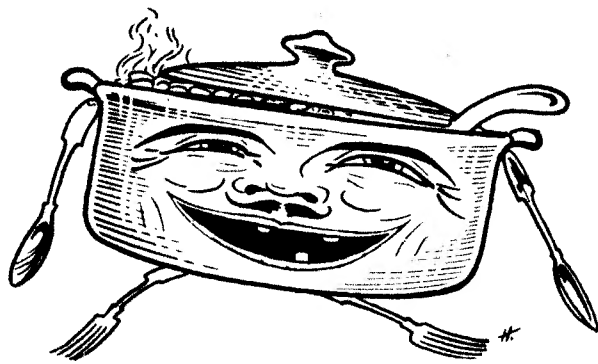
We seem to have resumed our annual role of chief apology maker for The Gateway.

This week we offer apologies to the Edmonton Bulletin, whose headlines regarding the Spanish religious squabble aroused us sufficiently to lead to a Gateway editorial. It seems that the Canadian Press, not The Bulletin, was responsible for the misleading statements, and we were in the wrong, as usual.

The Bulletin has retaliated by pointing out our sub-head of two weeks ago: "Decorated With Coloured Lights." We expected to have a careful, well-warranted scrutiny of our headlines after our little effort, and can but admit that we were caught napping—also as we expected. The score is evened.

Anyway, we are immensely pleased to learn that even a "scoring" excuse has caused the Editor of The Bulletin to read at least one issue of this paper. Or perhaps he really enjoys The Gateway.

CASSEROLE



This Is Poetry

"When came that phrase 'composing poetry',
The student mused. 'The words are ill-begotten,
They should say 'decompose', continued he,
'For after all, the most of it is rotten.'"

—H. G.

GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST!

By "Buttercup"

Julius Caesar, the first war correspondent in history, was born in 100 B.C., and lived fifty-six years, dying in 44 B.C. not 156, due to the peculiar Roman method of counting. The noted Greek historian of the time, Cellophane, tells us that, partly on account of his excellent classical education, he became successively tribune, quaestor, aedile, pontifex maximus, alter ego, praetor, and terra firma, finally reaching the position of being a triumvirate. Thus he logically became a general, beating decisively his old sidekick Pompey, inventor of Pompeian toilet articles, Pomeranian flea-hounds, Pompinkin pies, etc.

Being a journalist, he realized that the best source of publicity was to venture into unknown territory, so he married Octavia (the eighth), crossed the Rubicon and invaded France, the gaul of which was becoming boring. The natives gave him the Noble prize in literature, due to his convincing, terse and compact style, and sic'ed him on to the Britons. However, the latter, not realizing that he was making it possible for them to have history, geography, etc., not to mention Julius Shakespeare's play, William Caesar, resisted stubbornly, painting themselves with wood, or true blue, and fighting under their good Queen Woodcoo. However, the ancient Britons were eventually conquered, becoming no longer ancient, but medieval, due to the fact that Caesar sent back a telegram, "Veni, vidi, vici," which the Romans, being good classical scholars, construed correctly, but the Britons, clinging to the old pronunciation, thought he had called them weeny, weedy and weaky, and so gave up the fight in disgust. Caesar then built a wall along the north end of the country in an effort to keep out the Picts and other pests, such as the Scots, but it was a failure, as the Scots took the wall home and used it in their buildings, part of the wall becoming later the famous Stone of Scone, after which all real Scotch scones are designed.

The wisdom of Caesar's accomplishments in beginning English history, geography, etc., has often been questioned by succeeding generations of students, who have to study these subjects, and many think it would have been a perfect case of poetic justice had Julius been forced to translate his own Bellicum Gallicum (a discussion of an obscure disease of the gall bladder) into English.

Caesar had to return from Britain in 55 B.C. (birth control) to take part in Gibbons' Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Finding there was another war on, the Alexandrine, he decided to try for his long service medal and re-enlisted. In this war he acquired a captive, Cleopatra by name, who, despite the fact that she came from Egypt, was really a Greek-letter girl. She came to him rolled up in a carpet, but the result was that Caesar found himself all wrapped up in her.

Octavia, the wife beyond reproach and the Adriatic, was forgotten, a custom that has come down with little change to the present day. This girl friend, however, could go through money in a way to make the co-ed look like a philanthropist, and how she could sink her gizzelwater! Rumor has it that she dissolved a pearl in her wine glass, giving us an interesting sidelight on the quality of home brew served in that day.

Caesar, having obtained his long service medal, resigned his position as general (the pay was notoriously poor), and began a movement to popularize Alexandria, the home of Cleo, as a summer (not to mention a winter) resort.

However, Octavia began a suit for more alimony, so he returned for a flying visit to Rome, where he was offered the crown. But as it was too sizes too small, he was forced to refuse, whereon he had a eucalyptic fit. This fit had nothing to do, by the way, with the suit his spouse began.

One day, lunching at the Ritz with his friends, Brutus and Mark Antony, they had as dessert three magnificent California peaches, obtained at tremendous cost. Just as they were served, however, Brutus was called to the telephone, and when he came back found that all the peaches had been eaten. The following conversation then took place:

Brutus: "How many peaches did you eat, Antony?"

Antony: "One, Brutus."

Brutus: "And how many for you, Julius?"

Caesar: "Et two, Brute."

"Then die, Caesar," and with these words Brutus plunged his dagger in Caesar's body, much to the annoyance, and later the death, of the latter.

Caesar's funeral is responsible for the expression, "On your mark, Antony," for here it was that Antony perpetrated his famous oration, beginning, "Oh, what a rent was there, my countrymen," a remark which many landlords feel aimed at themselves.

Caesar is responsible for the Julian calendar and the month of July, this being a boon to students, for without it vacation would be one month shorter.

Cleopatra, disconsolate at first, eventually found a suitable meal ticket in Mark Antony, but either she had poor luck, or was a poor picker, for Antony was finally defeated by another Caesar, Octavius, called Augustus for short. She finally died from the results of an Aspirin, taken to relieve a headache induced by the defeat and death of Antony.

POT POURRI

After a short Absence, The Gateway Scoffer Returns to Deliver a Critique—Columnists Come in For Slams and Bouquets—Short History of Gateway "Columns" for the Non-Esoteric

By Percival Hodnut

As the third person to introduce a regular Gateway column, we consider ourselves one of the pioneers who blazed the trail for the present generation of writers of columns for this paper. First came "The Pig's Eye" by H. D. Surplis, and then "The Sow's Ear" by F. E. L. Priestley. We followed up these gentlemen with a column conducted by "The Professor," and then introduced a new one—"The Mulligan Stew." Last year, we began the series called "Pot Pourri," and were the only regular column writer at that time.

This year, The Gateway features pages are almost completely filled by the efforts of several new columnists. The latter are: "J.B.," "The Kanteloupe Kid," "L.L.A.," "Ann Zatzat," "F. P. Mac," the writers of "F.S. and B.S.," and the author of "Keep in Step." Most of these are weekly contributors with much to say that is interesting. We like to read their stuff.

Review of Reviews

Last week's issue of the paper showed in marked fashion the leaning toward dramatic criticism (some, very dramatic!) possessed by several Gateway writers. Some controversy has been occasioned by "F. P. Mac's" sweeping condemnation of British films and accents, and his insistence on "the soft beauty of the American accent." That English writer, "J.B.," has raised Hail Columbia in his "Material Monuments" column ever since reading Mac's views, and a letter to The Gateway Editor has come from another champion of English voices.

Time Out, Gentlemen!

Just here, we wish to add our own comment on Mac's statements: We feel that Mac has fallen prey to a current evil—that of making outlandish generalizations. There was a time, notably in early scientific thinking, when generalizations were not nearly plentiful enough, but that time has passed, especially in science: to every "generalization" made must be appended a mental reservation to the effect that exceptions are almost certain to be found—and that the exceptions may be so numerous, finally, as to completely nullify the "generalization."

English As She's Poked

No person who has heard the speech of the educated English can be so sweepingly condemnatory of that speech: the accent of the well- or even partly-educated Englishman or Englishwoman is, more frequently than not, one of the most delightful of all accents. In regard to "talkies," the recognized pleasant quality and easy carrying power of the clear English voice has caused the latter to be a prime favorite with picture producers. These men have even encouraged American emulation of the English intonations, often with screamingly humorous results, of course. But the attempts are surely significant. (By no means do we say that the American accent is always a thing to despise: there are many very musical and pleasant American voices also, and they are just as eagerly sought for.)

We Column Ourselves

Returning to consideration of The Gateway columnists in general: If



Editor, The Gateway.

Sir,—About two weeks ago it happened. No, you can't guess, though probably you did notice it in The Gateway. Well, this is it (pause for a laugh): The overtown students have more money to spend than the residents. Well, well, we overtowners are sure glad to hear that, because we've been laboring under the illusion that the residents were all Rockefeller's sons, and spent with the air of "hang the expense."

No, it's to be feared that we still have less to spend. When a young fellow is at home where his expenses can be checked, he has to sweat for spending money, while on the other hand, the chap away from home has a regular allowance or even better. You know how it is with fond parents—I guess I'll send John (or Bill, or what-have-you) another \$5 (or \$10 or more) this week."

Possibly the best proof of this is the splurge necessary to put on any kind of dance at the University. Anything under \$2 a couple is unheard of; the average is about \$3. In some cases the least you can get by on is about \$5. And who are the leading lights in all the clubs and classes? Overtowners? Not one case in ten. It's the residents who have the big ideas.

The point to this is, why all the expense? The orchestra at a dance certainly doesn't use up over \$50, at the outside, \$65 if the dance is overtown. The residence does the catering, hence food costs are not high. Programs, punch (if any) and decorations do not run into much money if the executive is careful. So where does it go?

It would do some of these executives good to see how they manage at the Normal School, or even in a certain popular, but small, campus club. The pleasing informality quite makes up for lack of showy decorations, and all the worry of booking dances is thrown completely aside. Maybe that may be done here some time; then the person who decides to go to an affair less than a week ahead will stand a chance of getting in a dance or so.

"OVERTOWNER."

COLLEGIATE HELPS DAD

(Columbia Spectator)

Comes down bright and early one Saturday morning practically expecting the old man to resign and make him boss. . . . Finds that the old boy is afflicted with democracy and wants him to get out on the floor and do some real work. . . . Is plenty disappointed but figures that he can show the advantages of a college education anyway. . . . Tries to recall his C.C. with the reading assignments on scientific management. . . . Asks his father if he uses functional foremanship. . . . Father tells him no, and furthermore that he doesn't give a good god-damn about it. . . . Decides he better not mention anything about graphs and charts particularly when father starts expressing his opinion about college professors who think they can run his business better than he can. . . . But consoles himself thinking that if he had the chance with his course in applied psych he'd make a swell personnel manager. . . . Just then father tells him that his job is going to be pasting labels on cans of tuna fish. . . . Mournfully thinks that Economics is a lot of lousy bunk, and vows that next semester he's going to show his opinion by flunking it on purpose.

After twenty minutes of pasting labels, he decides that he's going to become a labor leader. . . . Further decides to start a strike immediately. . . . Spends the rest of the morning deciding whether to use a boycott or a picket. . . . Catches himself trying to decide whether it's true or false. . . . Goes downstairs debating whether to start his inflaming speech with "Fellow Workers" or "Comrades." . . . Gets down and meets his father, who gives him a couple of bucks for lunch. . . . Goes out deciding to leave the world revolution for tomorrow or the next day or some time anyway.

Gally (feeling twinge in back as he tunes in radio): "I believe I am getting lumbago."

Edwin: "What's the use? We won't be able to understand a word they say."



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Miscellanies And Miscellaneous

By F. P. Mac

Did you ever in a crowded hall (at a House Dance, say) politely step back to avoid bumping into someone in front of you, and land smack into somebody behind you with even more force than you would have hit the first party?

That's what happened to me two or three weeks ago in The Gateway. I wanted a praise a couple of British movies that were really very good; but lest I be confused with those well-meaning but misguided patriots that praise every English picture that comes along, whether it be good or bad, I confessed that most British pictures were—er—not very good. I hoped by that to demonstrate my sincerity when I said that "Murder" and "Young Woodley" were excellent pictures.

But unfortunately a feller columnist has misunderstood me altogether, and has overlooked all the nice things I said, and seized upon the explanatory criticism as being my true attitude, as "unseemly arrogance."

That is far from being so. I of all persons have been pretty staunch and faithful in attending British pictures that come here. Because moving pictures interest me beyond the "let's go to a movie—what is on?" stage, and because I am a loyal British subject, I am very interested in their progress and development.

I certainly can't and won't pretend they are nearly perfect, but at least I remain friendly toward them, which is more than many of my acquaintances do. So you see, J.B., that I am hardly "radically opposed" to them as you take me to be, and I am honestly sorry if that is the impression I gave. I assure you I far from suspected that I was administering a "most scathing denunciation" when I said that "it is no secret that most British films are usually duds." I'd take it back if I could honestly do so.

But I cannot, for, unfortunately, it is true. Both clauses of that sentence. Even though your personal taste may disagree with the latter, you cannot get away from the former, that British pictures are in bad repute here. Not only here, but in England too, I hasten to add. A statement made in "The Picturegoer," a British fan magazine, at the time when "Blackmail" first came out, sums up the situation exactly:

"When you take the girl friend to see 'Blackmail,' don't tell her it's British. Our pictures are still under such a cloud of public prejudice—very much armed in general, I freely admit—that a good film from our studios, when it appears, is often shunned by thousands of people who have been stung too often by indifferent ones. I don't blame them entirely."

Isn't that in effect exactly what I've been saying? And that statement was written by a man whose business it is to see all British pictures, and who is an Englishman, and therefore ought to be allowed to criticize them.

You see, J.B., though your argument of proportion in quality and quantity is reasonable and convincing, you aren't taking into consideration the fact that the pictures that reach here are really the cream of the crop, and so if 80 per cent. of them (to take your own figure for hypothesis) are poor, what are we to judge of the rest we don't see?

One of the outstanding characteristics of almost all British films is a passion for detail that makes for a leisurely pace in a good picture, but sheer boredom in a lesser film. And boredom is the only untolerated crime in the amusement world. It is the exception American film that dies on its own feet in the manner of all too many British films. That may be pretty "scathing denunciation," but if you don't like it, you don't have to.

You can't deny that British photographs are slow; whether or not you prefer this slowness is a matter of personal taste. But it is not your personal taste, nor my personal taste, that counts, but that of the people who pay money at the box office.

Another fault which, however, seems to be occurring less and less, is the terrible ham acting so many players indulge in. It's frightful. Witness Lyn Harding in "The Speckled Band." Whilst mugging and self-conscious "extras" have ruined many a good film.

As for poor photography and lighting, and bad sound reproduction, if you don't know what I mean by that, you've evidently seen very few British pictures, in which case, are you very well qualified to agree with me?

Oh, you needn't take my word for all this. My "unseemly arrogance" is not presumptive or pioneering. You'll find it has all been said by professional critics on both sides of the Atlantic.

I know there's all sorts of causes and excuses for this. The really best one is the lack of money. It takes a lot of money to make talkies, and the

English can't afford to take the great pains the Americans can. Added to this is the unfortunate fact that British companies are not under the best of management. For instance, they seem to have the poorest publicity systems you ever saw, and even you know that American success thrives on publicity.

None the less, British pictures are improving at quite a steady rate. Several years ago, you know, British movie studios were most disreputable places, and no decent girl was safe. Good pictures can hardly be expected to emerge from such places. Today, of course, all that is changed. Movie making is now taken seriously, and the quality is steadily improving. Shares have actually begun paying dividends.

But British pictures cannot really be called successful until they capture the American market, and that they as yet have failed to do. Although England has sent us several good films, such as "Dawn," "Blackmail," "Atlantic," "Elstree Calling" (known as "London Calling" here), "Rookery Nook" ("One Embarrassing Night" here), "The Middle Watch," "Murder" and "Young Woodley," the financial success of these productions has been rather unhappy. To be brutal, British pictures are flops here.

And that's the reason few British pictures are seen here. It is not because American film combines are conspiring to keep them out, but because Canadian film fans won't go to see them. If there were any possibility for their success, American companies would buy them and release them under their own banners.

That in fact is being done with "Sherlock Holmes's Fatal Hour" and "The Dreyfus Case."

Another mistake, J.B., is the allegation that the poor British pictures we see are manufactured abroad by American producers for the malicious purpose of discrediting the real article. No, the pictures we see here are genuine British, don't mistake it.

And when American companies make films in England they acknowledge it, and what's more they make good pictures. Paramount's "These Charming People," starring Cyril Maude, has been held up by English critics as models of what can be done in British studios.

No, what American producers do

to foreign competition is to sign up all their best talent. Simple and legitimate, isn't it? It has been done more than once with Germany, and is being done to England at present. Tallulah Bankhead, Anna May Wong, Elissa Landi, Ivar Novello, Herbert Marshall, Jamieson Thomas, Edna Best, Colin Clive, James Whale, and others are now working in American studios. Madeleine Carroll, Benita Hume and others are expected to follow.

One particular virtue that most British pictures seem to have, and which is lacking in American, is spontaneous or natural dialogue. The characters, in their casual conversation, sound just like people in real life, and it is a joy to listen to. This realism, I might add, also goes so far as to include all the cuss words. They call a spade a spade, and when they mean "damn" or "hell" they say "damn" or "hell," not the white-washed substitutes the censor-ridden sweet land of liberty has to use in their movies. And when the soldiers in "Suspense" start singing parodies on "Tipperary" and "Mlle. from Armentieres" all the words are there.

I rather fancy "The Chinese Bungalow" will be successful here, for it has the advantage of a well-known play and a well-known star. The Rialto manager evidently thinks so, too, for he has booked it for four days (or at least so he advertises). I have been unable to come across any reviews of it so I don't know whether it is good or bad. I hope it is good, for much depends upon it.

No doubt you'll consider my remarks even more "dogmatic" and "scathing". But you'll find they are all true. If you don't believe me, you don't have to, but I haven't spoken without proof. You see, it doesn't affect my loyalty and interest in British films to face the truth. I wouldn't have mentioned it if you hadn't been so touchy on the subject, but I am showing you what can be said (and I can say lots worse) by one who takes a deep and friendly interest in the movie industry of the Mother Country. (In other words, what a good little boy am I!)

In conclusion, may I say that if you prefer British movies to American, as your "Chacun à son goût"

(Continued on page 6)

THE RAM'S HEAD

A New Column Makes Its Appearance in The Gateway

We are not going to apologize for the appearance of another column. Neither are we going to promise to write this column every week, or even every month for that matter. Moreover we do not intend to bind ourselves to any particular conventions, customs, or precedents, for we have no desire to follow the beaten highway, but prefer, rather, to meander along the leafy byways, stopping here or there, perchance, as our fancy guides us, to admire, or again to criticize. But what we shall have to say will be our opinion, refracted, at times, it is true, by the influence of better and wiser men, but, in general, not John's, or Harry's or Tom's, but our view. We may often be wrong; but he who withholds his honest judgment merely because of fear that he may be wrong often shows more of sentiment than of sense.

As we write this, for no very evident reason our imagination takes us northward. It is winter: an icy wind, sweeping across the inhospitable barrens, whines through the sturdy struts of a throbbing monoplane. The plane banks sharply, circles once over a small group of buildings almost invisible in the whiteness about them, and then glides swiftly iceward. As it slips to a stop a welcoming group of men, women and children cluster excitedly about it. It is thus that they get news of the great "outside." But it is their attire which catches our observant eyes. Serviceable mukluks of skin and fur enclose their feet and legs; warm parkas, with a hood to cover the head, fit snugly about their hardy bodies, and their hands are protected against even the coldest temperatures by huge fur mittens which may be held up to protect the face against the biting northern winds.

The scene changes. It is mid-winter in one of our prairie cities; a chill blast, sweeping icily around the exposed corners of a concrete hangar, piles snow in deep drifts against the boundary fence. The crowd of shivering watchers surges forward as a

steady drone is heard far to the eastward, for this incoming plane is piloted by a world-famous airman.

But how different is their attire from that of the group who ran out to greet the monoplane in that far northern settlement! Instead of the warm mukluks we find sheer silk hosiery and patent leather shoes; instead of the snug parkas we find thin overcoats with velvet trimmings and no collar; instead of the hood we see the board-like bowler and its feminine counterpart, the Eugenie hat, while in place of the warm mittens we find snug-fitting kid gloves. Need we say more?

A graphical analysis of the period of depression through which the world is passing might show some interesting properties. Here, in America (and I use the word in its proper sense), we have seen at least three boom periods, small peaks, as it were, in the value of financial despondency. I refer, of course, to miniature golf, yo-yo tops, and Empress Eugenie hats.

Last year, for instance, we found it a physical impossibility to get closer than without the third layer of sweating humanity which clung, like swarming bees, to the boundary fences, from noon to midnight, of any one of the score or more of pee-wee golf courses scattered in every section of Greater Vancouver. Where are they now? As another instance, last spring, just before the final examinations, it was more than one's life was worth to venture closer than six feet to The Gateway office door, yet alone to enter therein, for the air was filled with yo-yo tops, big ones and little ones, spinning ones and dribbling ones, pink ones and black ones, and he who could safely navigate the barrage of spinning Stygianism was forthwith crowned the champion yo-yoer. Shades of Priestley, where are they now?

And now there remains the Eugenie hat. Shall we comment thereon, or shall we permit it to "fold up its tent like the Arabs, and as quietly fade away"? Perhaps that would be the best policy, for some girls look horrible with one as their crowning adornment. Already, so we read, manufacturers are closing shop due to lack of sufficient orders to keep their establishments going, and so perhaps there is still hope for the sensitive ears of the fair sex.

—By IX-LOL-NICTE.

COLLEGE CAPRICES

(Note: This is the first of a series on quaint and queer University customs, compiled with the aid of students from Dalhousie, in Halifax to U. of B.C. in Vancouver, who annually spend their summer working at Jasper Park Lodge, Alberta. Anyone, however, who can supply information, particularly about the Universities of Saskatchewan and New Brunswick, might leave it with the feature editor for the writer.)

"Varsity"

The University of Toronto is bound up on all sides by countless traditions, many of which have no visible origin, but which have been handed down from class to class since its founding.

The residence rules and customs are the most strictly adhered to. Hart House, of international fame, is the almost unviolable sanctum of the male, through whose doors the weaker sex may go only on extraordinary occasions. Even then, a Hart House resident must accompany the damsel.

Burwash Hall is the scene of an important feature of initiation week; it is called the "Bob." It seems that when the residence was first opened, they had a janitor named Robert who was a very jolly and entertaining old gentleman. Because he did much to ward off the jokes and pranks of the Sophomores, he was particularly dear to the Frosh. Bob is dead long since, but the "Bob" still lives on, grown considerably from its original form. Formerly an entertainment for Freshman and Sophomore, now all who can go to it. For weeks both classes practise songs they have written about each other, but invariably the Sophs sneak into the Frosh practices, steal the songs and spring them at the

"Bob" before the poor Frosh can utter a sound. Usually the Frosh president is kidnapped by the Sophs, to be later presented to the gathered students with a lovely artificial black eye. After the "Bob," antagonism between the years is over.

Victoria College is one of the few which have a real promenade. The Senior Prom is all that the name implies; the graduating class go to this affair and spend the evening "promenading" on the grounds with their partners. Dancing is taboo, despite the presence of an excellent orchestra to provide music. While rather odd, the prom is enjoyable because it is so unique.

Initiation at Toronto can't hold a candle to the orgies we stage at Alberta. Members of various schools, faculties and colleges wear distinctive ties, but other gaudy raiment is not forced on the new student. A real thriller of initiation week is a cot race, staged on a quiet side street. All residence men turn out with an iron cot per couple; one is the passenger, the other the motive power. Sparks fly from the subs of casters before the race is over.

The co-ed is bound by many a little unwritten law as well. Most amusing of all, especially in the mild climate of Ontario, is the tradition that women not in academic gown, must be hatted and gloved when on the campus. Why this is so rigidly held to is not known; anyway, it just is done.

THE HEART'S EASE OR THE HEART SEES

By Balmy Bob

The Editor, who is, as you know, the most ponderous man on the North American continent, informed me in solemn tones that my recent communication re Dorothy Dix department was not "dixterous" enough to persuade him to found such a column for troubled hearts.

So all ye who are suffering from the pangs of unrequited love, that worst of atavistic diseases, grow old along with me, our travail has just begun.

But be ye not yet disheartened, be of good courage, O brethren and sisters, for I shall try to ease your suffering somewhat by helpful bits of advice as you sink deeper and deeper in the Slough of Despond.

Things Heart to Bear

One of the best opiates to deaden the painful throbbing of a wounded heart is a career—and I am thinking now of the career of salesman. (No, not a travelling salesman, just an ordinary, ornery, house-to-house canvasser. Just try to sell anything in this day and age! You'll soon forget your heart trouble. I know what I'm talking about (believe it or not). I tried to sell radios one day. I thought that it would be quite simple. All I was expected to do was to repeat a little formula that went something like this: "Good morning, madam. I represent the Blah and Bloey Radio Corporation. Would you be interested in this special offer, etc., etc." I had practised this little oration in my room until it came quite easily. I felt that I had achieved perfect voice modulation, and I really didn't see how any woman could possibly resist my line.

But let's get one with the story. I embarked on my career one bright November morning. The sun smiled upon me very benignly as I strode down the street in my most

brusque and businesslike manner. I examined the roofs of all the houses for aeral, and finding one without this appendage I walked boldly up to the door, imperatively rang the bell, and waited. Before the lady of the house appeared I had time to tilt my hat at a jauntier angle and adjust my tie.

The lady opened the door, and I began, "Good morning, madam. I represent, etc., etc." I thing I got down to the first semi-colon in my speech when she smiled sweetly and said that the baby was in the bath and that she couldn't listen to me then. Of course, I didn't want to be the indirect cause of the drowning of an innocent little baby, so I smiled sweetly too and after promising to call again, I skipped lightly down the steps and resumed my adventures in salesmanship.

The next house that I approached had a stern, forbidding look. Fear clutched at my heart and sipped up my life-blood. Nevertheless I marched boldly up to the door and let the iron knocker fall three times (I used to believe "three" was a lucky number). The maid answered the door.

"Is madame in?" I ventured. I didn't like to say, "Is the lady of the house at home?" It sounds so commonplace. The maid, being suspicious as to my real identity, informed "madame" that a gentleman wished to see her. Madame, a suave, stately lady, came to greet me with an interrogation mark in her eye. I only got as far as the word "represent" when the door banged in my face. It might have been the wind.

Was I discouraged? No! Paint heart never sold a radio. I visited four or five houses after that, only to have my well-delivered oration rudely interrupted by my listener

F.S. and B.S.

And the Banquet and all that it means to us is rapidly drawing nigh. It should be a good one, for there are rumors that some of the projected skits pass all displays of genius ever shown before.

It being Friday night, and the likelihood of lectures occurring the following morning being rather slight, the said Banquet shouldn't be too hard to take.

In the words of the song—speaking to the Arts-Ag team, "We offer you congratulations." That was a good game, and so was the one before it, and we realize that it was coming to you. So the Interfac Rugby is over for another season, and—let us hope—other pens than ours will discourse on the doings thereof next year.

In keeping with our little innovation of last week we are bringing on the following little ditty.

Poem

(With apologies to H. H. Beach)
The three bold beggars from Birmingham,
They began to grimace
At his Eminent Grace,
The Bishop, who was confirming them.

Now the Bishop, he was no fool,
He had been to a private school,
He took them behind
And he bettered each mind
With a rod as his sole teaching tool.

A more or less illuminating time was held by all the teachers of the Mining and Geological Society last Friday when this lad Wray shed a light on a distant corner of our Dominion.

Wray—the W being silent, as in wrong—has apparently been out for some summers in the wide open spaces where men are men and the moose wear whiskers. Great Slave Lake was the afflicted spot, and from what he said it consists almost entirely of geology with a little water thrown on top. Someone must have sweated a lot in the country to give a bunch of water a name like that, but it seems that the custom never got that far south.

We can't claim to be authorities on geology, but from his remarks we gather that no one ever got weighed on the geological time scale. But that was just a little prelude to shooting us the dope on how the rocks got there and what the populace could do about it.

Our informant tells us that Bob gave a more or less lucid exposition of the possible history of the country, and some inside dope on where to look for the type of rock to match our hair, or whatever else we were matching. Seemingly there has been a flock of rocks left rather careless like around there, and the slogan of "There's gold in them thar hills" has taken them out pronto. We gather that it will take a lot of prospecting to make a mining country out of that section of the globe.

Preceding the regular speaker, President Beach, the man who knows the stairs, put in a few words for the boys who had to do the K.P. after the cake fest.

A vote of thanks was moved to Mrs. Cameron for having furnished cake and sandwiches for the pre-meeting eats.

shutting the door in my face.

Pardon My French

It was at the seventh house that I decided to hold my toe in the doorway. I felt that this lady must at least let me reach the climax of my speech. As yet no one had heard more than the introduction. So when my prospective buyer opened the door I sidled up to her and slyly slipped my foot across the threshold of her home. She did listen to half of my memory-work. I prided myself in thinking that my proximity had something to do with that. But just as I paused for a fresh intake of air, she gave the door a slam. "?!!"; "Gee, gosh and little fishes," I belatedly, "can't you see I'm 'toeing in'?" No answer. "For the luva Pete,

(Continued on page 6)

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SPORTS



Arts-Ag-Com-Law Retain Interfaculty Rugby Title

MANITOBA DEFEATS SASKATCHEWAN 4-2

Winnipeggers Earn Right to Meet B.C. for Western Canada Final

In the intercollegiate rugby game at Saskatoon last Saturday, Manitoba defeated Saskatchewan 4-2 to earn the right to meet B.C. in the play-off. Dempster's kicking featured the game, as the Saskatchewan ace out-kicked Tomlinson in his best game of the year. Manitoba's line plungers ripped holes in the lighter Saskatchewan line, however, to make up for the comparative weakness in kicking. Saskatchewan took a 2-point lead in the first quarter, but Manitoba replied with 4 singles in the last half to cinch the game.

BASKETBALL BEGINS TRAIN FOR GRIND

George Parney Able Choice of Coach for Women—Helen Mahaffy Manager

Men's Basketball
The old wheel is turning, the old mill is grinding—Coach Stephens is busy selecting the best samples of grain on his farm in the Upper Gym. Men's basketball is plugging along in style, and the boys are beginning to realize just what it means to be whipped into shape. Many renowned gladiators of previous years are once more preparing themselves for the fray. Among these are Mert Keel, husky centre men and sharpshooters. Mert ought to go well. Buzz Fenerty is again on deck, but has been bothered with a bad knee. Jimmy McBeth is with us this year again after a successful season with the Calgary Wildcats. The ever reliable Addie Donaldson, human kangaroo, is rarin' to go, and "Wild Bill" Pullishy will again be in armor. In addition, many Freshmen and last year interfac players are trying for berths. Among these are Frank Richard, Royce Craig and Ben Crawford. We feel this will be a successful year for our men's teams.

Arts Tie Second Interfac Tilt Nose Out Engineers 18-15

Jackson, Kostash, Dunlap and Bowker Star for Ag-Arts-Com-Law —Don Gardiner Stands Out for Science Squad

The curtain was dropped on another interfaculty rugby season last Saturday when the Ag-Arts-Com-Law aggregation of pigskin chasers fought the Science squad to a 6-6 draw, after having won the first tilt to the tune of 12-9. The play-off was a great surprise to many rugby fans, as the Engineers entered the play-off with an imposing record behind them. In their four league games they scored a total of 58 points and only had one point scored against them. They out-scored the Ag-Arts-Com-Law team in their two league games, but came up against a grim and determined team in the finals.

The play was very even throughout the game with neither team having a distinct advantage in the play. The Engineers were weakened somewhat by the loss of Sammy Ives and Jack Ford from their backfield, but they had several other good backfield men to take their places. The Ag-Arts-Com-Law boys played minus the services of "Three-Touch" Cooper. This materially weakened their backfield division, as they had no substitutes. Science scored first when they blocked an Arts kick, Keith falling on the ball behind the Arts line for a touchdown. This was converted by Don Gardiner, who was the stand-out player for the Engineers. Shortly

ers are trying for berths. Among these are Frank Richard, Royce Craig and Ben Crawford. We feel this will be a successful year for our men's teams.

Ladies' Basketball
Ladies' basketball has begun in earnest in the past two weeks. The coach of the women's hoop team for this winter will be George Parney, a prominent figure in basketball circles here. George has the girls out and at 'em at regular intervals, and the team is beginning to take on form. Helen Mahaffy will manage affairs this year. Helen is well versed in basketball affairs, and will make an admirable playing manager. Josie Kopta, Marg Kinney, Helen Mahaffy, Ruth Fry and Helen Ford of previous years are turning out regularly. In addition there are several promising lights among the Freshettes, who under the steady influence of the more experienced players should build up a well balanced team. We look forward to big things in ladies' basketball.

SWIMMING CLUB NOTICE

Owing to the large membership of the Swimming Club those who want to train regularly please come down to the pool at 7:30 sharp. Starting Tuesday, Nov. 17th, general swimming will begin at 8 o'clock. Please note that only ticket-holders may swim on Tuesday nights. No single tickets at 25c are sold by the club.

after the Arts boys blocked a Science kick near their line, and Kostash and Bowker fell on the ball behind the Science line to net the Arts aggregation 5 points. Edwards missed the convert, leaving the score 6-5 in favor of the Science lads. The score was tied later when Jackson, who did most of the work for the Arts team, kicked to the Science deadline for a point. The Science team passed up their chance for the championship when they were on Arts' one-yard line. They pulled a delayed sneak through the line, but it was promptly smeared by the Arts line. It is quite probable that if they had elected to pull an end run they would have scored.

The Arts outfit played a good brand of defensive rugby, but were not very strong on the offensive, due to the weakened backfield. Their line held well, with Wilbur Bowker and Jack Dunlap breaking through time and again to break up the Science plays in the embryo stage. Kostash, at flying wing played his best game of the year, and it was a beauty. His partner, Bob Kipp, played a good steady game, and snaffled the only forward pass completed by the Arts aggregation. Chris Jackson was the big shot for Arts, playing for sixty minutes and playing smart rugby all the time. Al Beavers, Art McLennan and Skiv Edwards also played well. Don Gardiner was the star of the Science squad. He broke away for numerous large gains on end runs, doing the bulk of the Science work. Prior and Hargreaves were responsible for many yards with their plunges. Mooney, their demon end, played a great game, but was forced to quit on account of a leg injury.

The game was ably handled by Ivan Smith and Havel McLennan.

The teams lined up as follows:
Arts—Edwards, Jackson, Beavers, Dunlap, Ramelson, Wright, Smith, Bowker, Dunlop, McLennan, Kipp, Teviotdale; subs, Kostash, Ward, Sayers, Hargreaves, Preston and McNeil.

Science—Pryor, Keith, K. Ford, Hargreaves, Gray, Lilge, Frifield, Susinsky, Kinnear, McConnell, Fries, Gardiner; subs, Pitcheer, Sherwood, Campbell, Osmond and Smith.

INTERFAC STAR



FRANK "SKIV" EDWARDS

Who played his last game of interfaculty rugby. Skiv is one of the best players interfac rugby has ever seen, and during the past six years has done more than perhaps any other person to raise the standard of interfaculty rugby.

MORE ABOUT MANITOBA DOWNS ALBERTA

(Continued from page 1)

Timothy was nailed for a loss, Cameron fumbled, and Miller recovered for Manitoba on the 35. Currie went wide for 8 and Tomlinson made yards when he took the ball to the 20 line. Johnston went 6, and Tomlinson just failed to make yards, but on the next play went to the right and over for the first touch, which Currie converted with a place.

Alberta kicked to Miller, who was downed on the 35. 'Toba got 5 on the first play, and Johnston took it to the 50 on the next. 'Toba was smeared on the next, and kicked to Hall on the 40. Hall threw wide on a forward, and Chown was nailed for no gain. Hall kicked to Tomlinson on the 45, and on the first play Tomlinson kicked to Timothy on the 25. Timothy failed to gain, and Hall kicked to Tomlinson on the 50. Currie made 4 and then Tomlinson kicked to Hall, who passed wild to Timothy, and Miller intercepted and ran for a touch unplaced. Currie missed the convert. 'Toba took a short kick-off at center, and Tomlinson kicked to Timothy on the 25. Alberta failed to gain on two plays, and Hall's kick went to the 'Toba 40. Currie, Johnston and Doctor went for 16 yards on three successive plunges as the whistle

VARSETY'S COACH



DR. GEO. "BUD" MORGAN

Who has coached Varsity's senior rugby team for the past two seasons, is saying farewell to Alberta now that the rugby season is over. Dr. Morgan gave his best efforts for the team, and we are sorry to see him leave.

"BUD" MORGAN SAYS "AU REVOIR, ALTA."

Coach of Alberta Senior Rugby Squad Thanks Supporters for Interest and Patronage

To the Editor, The Gateway, University of Alberta, Edmonton, Alberta.

It is with deep regret that I leave the University of Alberta after two seasons as head coach of Canadian rugby football without restoring to the University of Alberta the coveted Hardy Trophy, emblematic of the Western Senior Intercollegiate championship.

To the ever-increasing number of supporters of Canadian football at the University, I wish to openly thank you for your interest in the team. We did not win a championship, but we were far from disgraced in any of the games played in the past two years. That fact, I think, should in some small degree compensate for your interest in our behalf.

To the players who gave freely of their time in order that we might make a creditable showing, I give my heartfelt thanks. It has been not only a great pleasure, but also a great privilege to work with such an enthusiastic group of gentlemen.

I have benefitted greatly by my contacts with such a group as I was fortunate to have under my guidance during the past two seasons. I have undoubtedly made many mistakes in judgments which resulted in the loss of games, but if I have in some small measure laid down a football system, a system which I firmly believe, if adhered to, will within a very few years will result in the return of the Hardy Cup, then I have been more than repaid for my troubles.

The prospects for next season are indeed bright and encouraging. Only two men of the squad of twenty-five graduating. It is rumored that several well-known provincial players will be seen wearing the Evergreen and Gold next season. Several new men were broken in this year, and I am firmly convinced that next year will see the line improved one hundred per cent., and along with it the return of the Western Intercollegiate championship.

And so it is with one last wish that I leave, that wish being that everyone get behind the team next year and help bring back to your University the Hardy Cup.

Very sincerely,
(DR.) GEORGE A. MORGAN.

blew.

Lineups:

Alberta—Stewart, Parks, Cameron, Gale, McCourt, Hutton, Hunter, Hall, Chown, Jostley, Austin, Cook, Burke, Maybank, Pullishy, Kramer, Timothy, Smith, MacDonald.

Manitoba—Lane, Young, Currie, Perry, W. Miller, Kilgour, Tomlinson, Renix, Williamson, Stratton, Stringer, Proudfoot, Johnston, Miller, Litch, McNichols, Reyecraft, Skaletar, McArthur, Beley, Doctor.

First quarter—No score.

Second quarter—Alberta, rouge Hunter.

Third quarter—Manitoba, kicked to touch in goal; Alberta, rouge Hutton.

Fourth quarter—Manitoba, touch, Tomlinson; Manitoba, convert, Currie; Manitoba, touch, Miller.

Referee, Broadfoot; judge of play, Thompson; head linesman, Enright.

SPORTING SLANTS

By C.J.J.

A couple of bad breaks on Wednesday made the score look far worse than it really was. During the first three quarters Varsity played a great game, and it was only in the last part of the game that the weight of the Manitoban line began to tell.

The whole Varsity team played a fighting game. Our ends, as usual, put on a fine display, with Hunter, Jostley and Hutton particularly good. In the backfield Mickey Timothy played his usual heady game—such broken field running! Al Hall kicked a consistent length.

The line deserves special mention—the way they held that heavy Manitoba line was a joy. Did you notice Parks set "Red" Currie on his ear. Fred Gale and Eddie McCourt seem to be turning into another set of Saw Dust Twins; they both made sensational runs, and when they tackled, did their men stay hit—pardon me, Eddie.

The Manitoba team played good, sound football. That was a wonderful drive all the way up the field, culminating in a touchdown. True, they had breaks, but they're a mighty nice ball team.

With men like "Red" Currie, Jim Doctor, Tomlinson and others, they have a lot of material to break any line.

That same "Red" Currie goes through the line like an express. Did you notice him down under the kicks? Warren Miller took advantage of that last unfortunate pass to race for a pretty touchdown.

So that's the end of the rugby season. It was a great game, a tough one to lose, but you played with all you had, and we know it.

The Arts-Ag and Sci battled to a draw last Saturday in a very unsatisfactory game. The game was full of fumbles, and never came up to the standard of the first game.

Some will remember that in the final game between Toronto and the Grads, of a certain gentleman coming to the centre of the floor, and in a flowery speech presenting the Grads with bouquets of poses, hailing them as world champions now and ever, etc. This clumsy oration we certainly believe to be in bad taste, when one considers the trouble which was experienced last spring with this same, or practically the same, Toronto team. Of course, the Grads are world champions—they proved it—so why make the eastern girls feel any more keenly. It was interesting to note the comment of a local paper, which said that the Grads in their usual sportsmanlike fashion presented a flower to each girl on the opposition. We praise the Grads for this action. They did their best to cover up a well-meant but clumsy token of appreciation on the part of said gentleman.

No matter what digs are made at those individuals who rush across the

GRADS WIN SERIES IN DECISIVE STYLE

World Champions Take Last Game From Toronto All-Stars to Win 223-37

In the last workout against Toronto, the Grads rolled up another century, to give Coach Howard of Toronto another chill to the tune of 100-18. The Grads were minus the services of Captain Elsie Benny.

The real excitement came when, with two minutes to go, the Grads needed 6 points. These were accounted for with the final whistle half a minute away.

Total score of series, 223-37. High scorer for Toronto: Dolly Dunlop, with 3 baskets for 6 points.

field five minutes before the game ends, they never seem to take it to heart. Let those people try leaving a lecture at 9:15 or 10:15. Oh yeah!

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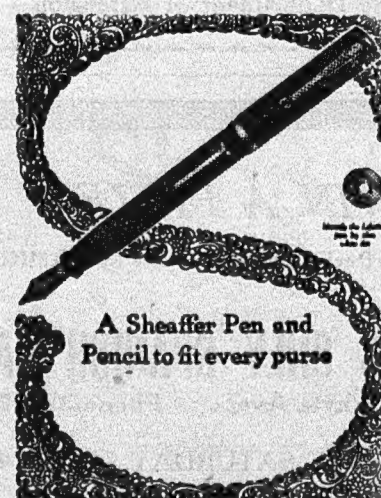
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EDMONTON, ALTA.

FISH FUR

A Columnist Writes on Salaries and First Year Plans—
Some Good Suggestions are Made

By the Kantaloupe Kid

The business of making payment for services rendered has been a primary concern of man since the beginning of time. It still occupies an important position, and a certain group of students have been giving the matter a considerable amount of thought. In point of fact, many graduates have taken exception to a new ruling of this University anent the payment of fees.

The number of students doing post-graduate work in universities is rapidly increasing, and this institution is no exception. The majority of these students, particularly in the fields of science, accept positions within the department as assistants in lectures or laboratories. These positions are not particularly remunerative considering the qualifications of the incumbent, and at the same time they involve an extra year spent in the acquirement of the master's degree. However, the services of these assistants are practically indispensable in some departments where it would be impossible for the professor to conduct all the laboratories or give all the lectures in junior classes.

The edict which indicates that two years should be spent by graduate assistants in the completion of the requirements of the master's degree is a local manifesto, and practically every other university on the continent will grant a master's degree on the culmination of one year's work. In some cases a Ph.D. will be conferred for two additional years. A local master's graduate must spend three years elsewhere for a Ph.D. degree, making a total of five years; whereas, if he had left this institution on the attainment of a bachelor's degree he could have obtained his doctorate in three or, at the most, four years.

The emoluments of the local positions vary with the experience and responsibility of the student, but in almost every case the remuneration is correspondingly smaller than that paid for a similar position in other universities. To cite an example: a second year graduate assistant at this University receives \$70 a month, or \$840 for the term, and has received a bill of \$425.50 for fees. A net income of \$415.50 for services rendered.

A similar position at Brown University pays \$750 and exemption from fees, at Cornell \$675 and exemption from tuition, Harvard assistants receive \$850 but must pay fees of \$200—a net of \$650; Northwestern pays \$800-\$1200 with fees not more than \$150. California positions net \$650 after all fees are paid. University of Illinois assistants receive \$600 less a \$10 matriculation fee. Michigan offers \$800-\$1000, Wisconsin \$1000-\$1200, Western Reserve \$600-\$1000 with exemption from fees, and Yale assistants receive \$850-\$1000 but must pay fees and incidentals amounting to \$350.

These salaries have been given in some detail to indicate the general scale of other institutions. It will be observed that in most cases the state universities are slightly more remunerative than the privately endowed colleges.

The standard at this University is high, and a graduate is accepted at other varieties without question, but at the same time a degree from any of the other institutions mentioned is at least as well recognized. In addition, a graduate of one of the latter may have an easier time obtaining employment due to highly organized agencies and alumni associations which feature employment services.

Research is vital for the growth of a university, and one measure of success is the quality and quantity of material published in book form or in research journals. This institution is fortunate in possessing men in every department who are fully qualified to conduct and direct research—the quality of the work is unimpeachable. However, these men have a minimum amount of spare periods at their disposal and cannot devote suf-

ficient time individually to the solution of their problem. The amount of work they can accomplish and publish varies directly with the number of post graduate students under their direction. It is therefore evident that a larger number of advanced students will contribute materially to the growth of a university reputation.

Local conditions are not particularly favorable to a person contemplating post graduate work and the addition of tuition fees to the students' burden will tend to discourage local graduates from remaining here. The initial levying of these dues during the present term is especially disheartening in view of the difficulty of obtaining highly paid employment during the past summer.

To summarize the situation—we have an efficient staff looking for graduates who are willing to assist in research in mathematics, physics, chemistry, geology—willing to search the literature of economics, history, English, philosophy—willing to conduct field work in cereal chemistry, plant breeding, soil surveys—and yet the authorities have seen fit to discourage this willingness by demanding the payment of fees from already underpaid assistants.

The managers of the U.S.S.R. claim originality for their Five Year Plan. Such ambition is almost beyond words—long before the Bolsheviks thought of a revolution collegians had plans ranging from three years up. Collegians still have plans. Four Year Plans that the Freshman Committee decide are much too ambitious and raise to Five Years. Seven Year Plans that the same committee wind up after the first junior tests. Any Number Year Plans that actually finish upon schedule. Truly the Russians are egoistical to claim originality for the idea of making plans to spread over a period of years.

But what happens to people who make plans? Some of them are paid as architects who really merit remuneration as imaginative geniuses. Here is a concrete example. While wandering around a lab filled with airplane motors and hydraulic presses, I saw a beautifully colored sheet of cardboard simply filled with drawings of buildings. A removal of miles of spiders' handiwork revealed large and imposing letters carved upon this board. They read, "University of Alberta, Strathcona, Block Plan for General Building Scheme, 1912."

Here was a Twenty Year Plan that brought forth tears of joy. Granted this plan has been somewhat delayed—but what a plan! Myriads of buildings scattered with a preconceived nonchalance over miles and miles of landscape. The plan was not in elevation, but the buildings simply must have stretched hundreds of feet into the air.

Marvellously designed courts and passage ways guaranteed to puzzle even the cleverest students were revealed in all their glory. A medical building with more wings than a flock of fairies; a series of blocks bearing such legends as Physics, School of Science, Science labs, etc.—a cute little square in one corner called Administration—its twin labelled Museum, and nearby a chapel. In the remotest corner just in front of the central Power Plant reposed the athletic field and grandstand. (This should certainly be altered to Stadium at once.) In front of this a Union Gymnasium and Baths. Apparently they changed bathing to swimming since this famous nightmare.

All of these grandiose hallucinations paled immeasurably before three other sets of lines—notably a group of rectangles, slightly larger than the ground plan for the World's Fair, bearing the label—Residences—a mammoth structure emblazoned with a number of widely spaced letters that combined to form Provincial Library—and parked upon the river bank stood a domed creation called Convocation Hall.

Here is a Plan far more enthusiastic than the Soviets dared venture. Some day when you fear that Russian Plans will wreck civilization, or when you contemplate Plans of your own, visit this beautiful museum specimen and draw your own conclusions.

RENO BLUES AGAIN

It may be fourth or even fifth That you, my lady, are to date: My memory's woozy on the point— You may be Number Seven or Eight.

In any case, O dimpled miss, O girl with lovely, languid grace, I'll stand no nonsense, tears or fuss— 'Tis best that you should know your place.

The others (Two or Three or Four), Have gone where wives unfaithful go— They've joined the rest—the divorcées— Who spurned my love—who wanted dough.

Those girls now write me to implore That I shall change my mind (as they Changed theirs some time ago) And take them back again—I may!

Be wise (O Eight or Nine or Ten), And live for me—love me alone— Look not upon less constant men, Whose wives have been at least a score.

ABDUL, The Bull-Bull Emir.

MODERN TENDENCIES

We have an extremely pleasant task on our hands. Our motives are personal, for we love the most important person in the world, the girl of today. Like the shadow—she forever pursues us when we flee, and flees when we follow her. Very baffling, but none the less interesting and lovable.

However, by virtue of our circumstances we are of a skeptic sort and, at times, we have our misgivings about it all. The periodic variation of drapery (in dress), or lack of it, has caused a great deal of anxiety, but let us dismiss it with a wink—there is nothing permanent about it. But think of this! A learned man somewhere is accused of having said, after studying the hairy growths on the faces of the fair sex, that there is a tendency towards a decided increase. And what does he blame? Why, bobbed hair, of course! The principle at the back of such an assertion is very simple and familiar to the gardener (?) especially. When a plant is pruned down, growth is interrupted at the place of cutting, but shoots spring up in nearby places as a sort of natural compensation. Why may not this explain the appearance of pronouncedly dark mustachios on the upper lip of your girl friend? Why, I ask you?

If the dear professor, responsible for such a theory is right, imagine the tender cheek the feel of which you so much liked against your own, imagine it replaced by one of sandpaper texture. No wonder we have our morbid moments. Wot a wife! I mean, what a life!

Personally we are rather sentimental and are very touchy about such matters, though not conservative nor conventional, and these words are written out of love for the gentle, and out of sympathy for those otherwise. The task is enjoyable, as stated before, because we are forewarned, and furthermore trust to the good sense of the most important person in the future, the girl of tomorrow. —I. H.

A FRIENDLY CHAT FROM CAT TO CAT

By Ann Zatsat

One Frosh wants to know why they don't cat furniture movers, heifers. You tell. We might hurt him.

One day it was quiet in The Gateway office—everybody was out.

We enjoy our classes and everything, but there's something about Saturday afternoon—

These men are easy. We can read them like a book—of Chinese.

Oh, well, we didn't want to go to the Soph, anyway.

Just another fairy story we can't believe: Once upon a time a professor cracked a joke and the class didn't laugh.

Another good idea along with those of the library, the gym and the bus service is a covered runway (literally speaking) from Arts to Med. Well! We guess we can dream, can't we?

The only reason the Arabs deserted this place was because it was too windy.

It seems to us that these columnists get more kick out of writing their columns than we do in burning them.

We hear there's a man registered in one of the House Ec. courses. Pretty soon a woman won't be able to call her kitchen her own.

It used to be said that puns were the lowest form of human sport—that must have been before asterisk poetry.

Some of these dumb men are like stewed prunes—they're just old soaks.

The official colors of the Soph may be black and gold, but our feet are black and blue.

It may be an unforgivable sin to put our high heel in a trouser cuff, but just see what we say when you plunk your clumsy hoof on our new long skirt.

That last Saturday night may have been a moonlight to some, but it was just a series of glares to us.

One thing we give the men credit for: Their shoes have a better shine than ours, but then, so have their features.

"Nurses," we were told in our lab, "are quick workers." Oh, yes, we knew that, but we weren't going to say anything.

Our Big Moment may come only once a week, but he sure takes up a lot of time.

Our idea of heady excitement is to blow the horn at the back of Athabasca.

Another thing we find it hard to forgive is the man who insists on cracking stale jokes when he's trying to dance.

Did you see that Gateway last week? S'terrible! This column wasn't included.

The book store really ought to have a ticker. Their prices remind us of wheat quotations. The only difference: It's always a bull market with them.

Imagine having enough room to turn around in at a Varsity dance—that Soph reception was an outstanding event!

Would someone please send in an explanation for the unusual popularity of this library this year? We just can't understand it!

Report Made on Conference of International Student Service

Representatives of the University Students of Many Countries Met Last August to Discuss Work of the Service and the Universities in the Solution of World Problems—Dr. Walter Kotschnig Delivered Impressive Address to Large Audience

(The following is a report submitted by Miss Margaret Kinney, University of Alberta delegate to the International Student Service Conference held at Mount Holyoke.)

On the 31st of August, 1931, 250 students, leaders and professors, from over forty countries, met at Mount Holyoke College, South Hadley, Massachusetts, for the Tenth Annual Conference of the International Student Service. Here for ten days, in this quaint colonial New England village, away from the rush and turmoil of city life, and within the stately halls of a university, opportunity was given to these diverse and varied groups of individuals representing, as we did, different backgrounds of race, religion and nationality, to feel and partly understand each other's problems and difficulties which make up the complexity of the present world situation; and to know one another in a fellowship that is based on the realization that as students we share in a common purpose and ideal, expressed in the true meaning of the word university.

Basis for Common Action

It was an appeal to this feeling of student solidarity to give help in rebuilding university life in Europe after the war, which gave birth, in 1920, to the International Student Service, under the name of European Student Relief. Today this economic stress is no longer confined to Europe. Our generation shares in a common distress which demands that we prepare ourselves for united action. It was the realization of this fact, and the feeling that by discovering what it is that we all share in as University citizens, we should find a common element as a basis for this united action that brought about plans for such a conference this year.

Previous conferences have been held in Europe. But this year it was felt that emphasis should be placed specifically on the American and European conceptions of the University; in order that that which is fundamental and common to both of them might be clarified, and because it is recognized that America can no longer maintain that disinterested and even negative attitude towards European conditions which has characterized her international relationships. Thus for the first time the conference was held on this continent, and its program was based on the theme, "The University in a changing world."

Dawn of a New Era

To indicate fully how this theme was developed and carried out, through addresses, discussion groups and commissions, during the ten days of the conference would involve a report which would require a good deal more space than is available here. The most that can be done now is to indicate briefly something of the problems which the group faced, and the extent to which they felt that students could aid in their solution.

Dr. Walter Kotschnig, General Secretary of I.S.S., Geneva, threw out a definite challenge in his opening address, "I.S.S. and the University," which acted as a pivot of the conference. In his introduction, after stating that universities are—or should be—a means of establishing that co-operation which is essential to the solution of world problems, Dr. Kotschnig outlined the way in which I.S.S. is working towards a renewed recognition of the universality of the university. The simplest example is in relief work.

"In this field, in the campaigns of the early post-war years on behalf of Germany, Eastern Europe and Russia, the will to fellowship of the young student generation tore off all the chains and fetters which the war and after had bound upon it. Before the onslaught of students who wanted to be plain human beings and saw 'enemy' students as just hungry young men and women, the differences of friend and foe broke down. It became clear that within the university the strong determination to help one's neighbor was at least as active as the degenerate instinct to destroy one's opponent. Thousands upon thousands of young students proved that the university today, despite all political and economic strife, is still a high place of humanity, that humanity, in the last resort, is of greater moment to her than all beside. Similar enterprises undertaken in recent years, especially that on behalf of Bulgaria, have strengthened this assurance.

"When I was present last spring at the laying of the foundation stone of the Student House in Sofia, which can be built today because of the help of students in other countries, and when I handed over the \$15,000 which those students have raised, I felt with tremendous force the significance of this student solidarity. Before my mental vision passed rank upon rank of students in Australia and Sweden, in Germany and the United States, in Canada and Switzerland, in all parts of the world, who were here bringing their contributions, sometimes earned in the sweat of their brows or literally saved out of their own food. At the same time I saw the light of hope in the eyes of our Bulgarian friends, hope of a time which would put an end

to their own and their country's distress. And I saw these students one day leading their peoples, not as politicians of force and war, but as men who fight for peace and justice and for the free growth of the spirit. At that moment I knew that our work is indeed an earnest of a new age.

"But a feeling for humanity is not enough. For philanthropic organizations the idea of charity may be sufficient; for universities it is but one of the modes of expression of human nature. The prime task is the formation of the mind in a twofold function—to achieve order in material things and order in human relationships. In the former sphere science and the universities have done wonders. In the realms of personal and national relationships little progress has been made, as is shown in the way nations face each other—armed to the teeth. Our unemployment figures indicate our failure in the social realm. There are specialists in these fields who are endeavoring to make good this vital defect. But that is not enough. Teachers, doctors, officials and captains of industry exercise a decisive influence upon the social and political attitude of their nations. Politics today are a universal preoccupation; and that means that every individual is a politician. But this clearly means that none of us who are in the universities have the right to shut ourselves up in a narrow specialism, to become specialists merely in special subjects. On the contrary, it is our duty to take up a definite attitude towards the social and international questions which are the main fields of politics—more than that, to help in solving these questions rationally and in a way worthy of the spirit of man. Thoughtlessness and indifference lead to a direct betrayal of the spirit—to a crime against the nation and humanity.

"While the university has comparatively little influence on the actual organization of economic life, its importance in 'levelling-up' the classes through education is all the greater. It will not do for the university to remain a privilege of the moneyed classes. By the establishment of student self-help enterprises and co-operatives, in some European countries, a start has been made in this field. In other universities, as in Wales, a student loan fund, established by the students with the co-operation of the university authorities, has done much to increase the attendance of members of working-class families.

"Over-Production of Intellectuals" By breaking down this economic discrimination we have increased the difficulties of one of the main problems: that of the overcrowding of the universities and the unemployment of intellectuals, consequent upon it. There is no doubt that the despair of those who, after completing their studies, can find no posts is one of the most dangerous elements in the social unrest of today. How far this overcrowding can be combated by careful selection and attention to the study of vocational guidance is the problem of the educationalist today.

Subjects of Discussion

Thus, in the opening address, Dr. Kotschnig raised the main problems facing the student today, and opened

the way, by this general outline, for an intense study during the next four days of the conference of "American and European Conceptions of the University," of "Students and Politics," "Students and Race," and of the great social and economic forces at work in the world today.

"A World Crisis"

On this framework there was built up a picture of the present-day world situation—not only by addresses from professionals and experts in various fields, but by informal discussions and talks with those who spoke with the authority which comes from personal experience. It was a black picture. Perhaps Dr. Arnold Wolfer, Director of the School of Politics in Berlin, and chairman of the conference, in his address on "The Crisis in the West," characterized this stark reality when he said: "The situation in Central Europe is so tense that if no relief is forthcoming in the very near future, the despondency of economic and spiritual feeling is so deep, an upset of that stability of order which is much a part of western civilization will result in a chaos which brings to the force the whole question of the east."

But the conference did not dissolve in a spirit of pessimism. It itself seemed to undergo a "crisis." The next five days were the most active ones of the entire period. The students accepted the challenge, and faced with courage the question, "What can be done about it?" They divided themselves into four groups to draw up plans of work to be undertaken, dealing with the topics, "University Problems," "Student, Self-Help and Co-operative Organization," "Cultural Co-operation and International Studies," and a "Committee of Ways and Means."

The Canadian Delegation

The Canadian delegation, which had been sent on the invitation of the American Committee of I.S.S. to the N.F.C.U.S., consisted of some 20 undergraduate and graduate students, most of them representing their local Students' Council. Before the close of the conference this group felt that in order to put into execution some of the plans discussed in the commission groups, a co-operating committee for I.S.S. in Canada should be established. This committee is to be a representative group of students, faculty members and interested friends, with headquarters in Montreal, working in each local campus through the N.F.C.U.S. It will endeavor to carry out a program, based on the reports of the four commissions, but fitting it to apply to Canada's distinct problems.

There are many such co-operating committees in various countries throughout the world carrying out a program specifically suited to their own needs, but working toward a common ideal, "the understanding and achievement of the threefold function of the university: as centres of national cultures of the peoples of the world, as the cultural interpreters of the peoples to each other, and as the expression of the essential oneness of mankind." They pursue this task in a spirit of "positive" nature, which recognizes the distinction of nationality, race and religion, but overcomes their divisiveness by a co-operation which provides for their full expression."

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He takes man's guise
For a holiday;

And lives all Life
As shown to man
In the short while
Of a three day span.

Tasting the pleasures
That humans extend
And finding a love
Who is true to the end.

Finding a love
Who lives not on breath,
Willing to go to
The arms of her Death.

—O. R. W.

She: "Where is your chivalry?"
He: "Oh, I swapped it in for a Ford."

"The faculty is having a meeting."
"Oh, I see, just a little forget together."

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INTER-YEAR PLAYS AND CASTS CHOSEN

Will Be Presented December 4th
—Rehearsals Nicely Started

The struggle of finding plays and choosing casts has been almost too much for the hard-working individuals who were unsuspectingly put on dramat committees a few weeks ago. But now the battle is nearly over. The plays have been chosen, and the forces marshalled and divided into four groups from which actors and actresses are slowly being selected. The plays offer wide variety, and should ensure an interesting evening. At first it looked as though there would be four different presentations of J. M. Barrie's "Half an Hour." Seniors, Juniors and Frosh all pounced upon it, so the Sophs, of course, had to scorn it completely. But the Seniors, by virtue of their seniority, won out. "Half an Hour" is a splendid play—tragedy, with the characteristic Barrie-ish lighter touch on the surface. Try-outs took place on Monday for five men's and three women's parts, and final decision of the committee should be posted on Friday.

The Juniors are doing "Becky Sharp," a "comédie d'intrigue," taken from Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," by Olive Conway. It is a costume play, light and diverting, which must be almost a precedent for a Junior choice. There are two girls' and three men's parts. Casting was done on Tuesday, and will be posted by the committee.

The Sophs have plunged into darkest vice and sordidness, with the selection of a very strong play, "Dregs"—every bit as bad as it sounds—by Frances Pemberton Spencers. It is a melodrama and very "gripping," as they say of movies, with two male roles and one female. The executive had great difficulty choosing a cast for this play, which will require some real acting.

The Frosh committee was submerged under waves and waves of would-be actors and actresses at the first try-outs for "Poison, Passion, and Putrefaction," by George Bernard Shaw, held on Tuesday. The play is a very clever take-off on melodrama of the very melodramatic variety. It will be difficult to stage, but should be most amusing. The committee is properly distracted, trying to choose a cast from the sixty-odd people who turned out, a great many of whom showed considerable talent. The process of weeding-out is still going on at time of writing, but a decision should be posted at the end of the week. Rehearsals will be in full swing

S.C.M. General Meeting Addressed By M. Brooks

Thursday, November 5, Mr. Brooks Spoke on "The Significance of Jesus Today"—Next General Meeting Nov. 19

A large number of students were present at the second general meeting of the Student Christian Movement held on Thursday afternoon, Novem-

GLEE CLUB

There is still accommodation for some new members in the Glee Club. New work will be started beginning with Nov. 17, so that those intending to avail themselves of this opportunity should turn out to the practice next week. The practices are held each Tuesday at 7:15 p.m., and judging by the enthusiasm of the 50 odd members who are attending regularly new members are assured of a profitable hour each week.

MISCELLANIES AND MISCELLANEOUS

(Continued from page 3)

would imply, I only wish there were more like you.

Every time I cross the High Level Bridge I see that automobile tire lying at the bottom of the river, and it annoys me. It is thrilling to be able to see clear to the bottom of the river, all the way across—until you see it has nothing more exciting to disclose than an old deserted auto tire, lying there helplessly but stolidly. I hope the ice soon covers it up.

The program of the University Music Club last Sunday was most enjoyable because the pieces selected were simple and charming, but did not at the same time consist of those "ever-popular favorites" that have long been worn threadbare. And the fact that they were simple allowed the performer to bring forth all their beauty; not like many singers who attempt songs far beyond their powers, to the utter misery of all concerned.

Those who found Mr. Nichols's short talk interesting, would enjoy reading "The Common Sense of Music" by Sigmund Spaeth. There's a copy in the public library, I know. It is an introduction to the appreciation of music, by a man who talks with you, not down to you.

next week, for time is getting short now—only three more weeks until the big night. 'S a great life!

Of the seventy-five student members of the Little Theatre several have expressed the wish to belong to a play-study group. All those who are interested are asked to meet on Monday at 4:30 in Room 236 Arts, when Mr. J. T. Jones, representing the Little Theatre, will explain the aims and methods of the play-study groups and help to organize one in the University, if it is desired.

ber 5th, at 4:30. Tea was served buffet style, graciously presided over by Miss Constance Smith. Mr. Elliott Birdsall was in the chair, and introduced the speaker for the afternoon, Mr. Murray Brooks.

Mr. Murray Brooks is the National General Secretary of the Student Christian Movement in Canada. At the present time he is visiting the local units of the S.C.M. in Western Canada, and has just returned from Vancouver.

Mr. Brooks is a person of very wide experience. After graduating from McGill he went to Colombia, Ceylon, where he acted as the General Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. for fifteen years, carrying on the work there with considerable success. Four years ago he was asked by the Student Christian Movement of Canada to become their National General Secretary, and has acted in that capacity since.

He has attended numerous camps and conferences both in North America and in other parts of the world. He was a Canadian representative to the World Missionary Conference in Jerusalem in 1929. As a result he has had a very wide experience, and his international contacts have been many.

His topic for the afternoon was "The Significance of Jesus Today." "Jesus undoubtedly is a pre-eminent person in the life of today," Mr. Brooks stated. "To what is this pre-eminence due?" he asked. There are several answers advanced by people of today. To some he has become the symbol of idealism. Some look to him as a model—they do whatever he did, copying him even in dress, habits and speech. Some have regarded him as a law-giver with a code of ethics, with a rule for every occasion just as the Japanese have today; but we shall look in vain if we look for Jesus as a law-giver or as a pattern or as a god. He has been regarded as a different person—the great magician performing miracles. But the scientific age rejects this picture and sees in him a normal person having problems and meeting them with the same weapons as we do. If Jesus' pre-eminence is not due to these facts, to what is it due?"

"We must look for something inherent in the man himself—something that give him a timeless quality. We must discover a basis, a central motivating principle with validity for us. We may look best to the time of his greatest struggle in the Garden, just before the close of his life. He is like us in many ways; he faced the difficult alternative: should he save himself or should he face death? We see this struggle in the words, 'Father, if thou be willing, take away this cup. Nevertheless not my will but thine.' That is, there was something greater than his own personal desire. Rather the important thing was the fulfilment of the plan of God as he saw it. To this he gave his complete devotion."

Mr. Brooks read from an article

YEAR BOOK UNDER WAY

Helds First Meeting Tuesday—
Various Positions Allotted

The Evergreen and Gold staff held their organization meeting Tuesday, Nov. 3rd, at 7:30. Ken McShane, one of the co-directors, explained to those assembled that the Year Book will be divided up into sections with a manager at the head of each.

1. K. Alexander and Pat Garrow have charge of the graduate pictures and epitaphs.

2. Hugh Millar is the manager of the men's athletic section, and Margaret Moore is in charge of the women's athletics.

3. All organizations under the Students' Union, fourteen in number, will be managed by Art Bierwagen.

4. Don Hawkins will be supervising the pictures of the eleven faculty clubs.

5. All other clubs will be in charge of John Maxwell.

6. Class pictures, eight in number, under the care of Graham Semmens.

7. Fraternities, Sororities, etc., will be managed by George Taylor.

8. The advertising department is in charge of Hugh Arnold.

This division of duties will facilitate the handling of the Year Book duties. These managers will choose their own assistants, and the executives of the various clubs will be responsible for their own pages to a great extent.

The only way that the Year Book can possibly be out on time is with the co-operation of all the students. If the pictures are in by the first of December, then the Year Book will be out about a month before the exams. These pictures may be taken in any studio in town; the staff are making arrangements with all the photographers.

Art Wilson, the other director, explained the absolute necessity of economising in the cuts. Most of the clubs have been budgeted by the Students' Union to pay for their pages in the book. It is imperative that they don't spend more than their allowances, because any deficits will have to be made up out of their private treasuries.

Cuts are expensive, but the more pictures there are in the book the more interesting it will be. These include snaps, and the staff will welcome the contribution of any particularly good ones.

The meeting adjourned with the resolution to get the Year Book out a good while before the exams. If this is accomplished those autograph hunters will have a lovely time!

THEATRE REVIEWS

Where to Go

Showing Now:

"Daddy Long Legs," Princess Theatre.

"Girls About Town," Strand.

"Touchdown," Capitol.

"Chinese Bungalow," Rialto.

Starting Saturday, Nov. 14:

"Riders of the Purple Sage," Strand.

"Alexander Hamilton," Capitol.

Starting Monday, Nov. 16:

"Sporting Blood," Princess.

Starting Wednesday, Nov. 18:

"Once a Lady," Capitol.

"Riders of the Purple Sage," showing at the Strand Theatre starting Saturday, is another of Zane Grey's stories which has been brought to the screen. It is a story of the west with the usual stampedes, cattle thieves, outlaws and what not. The setting is a western ranch in the year of 1870. George O'Brien, Noah Berry and Marguerite Churchill play the leading parts.

"Alexander Hamilton," playing at the Capitol Theatre starting Saturday, brings us George Arliss in one

SENIORS!

Each member of the graduating class is responsible for his or her own picture and epitaph. The graduation pictures can be taken at any studio. A print 2 inches by 3 inches and with a white border is to be placed with the epitaph in an envelope and deposited in the Evergreen and Gold box (near the Post Office) before December 1st. The name of the graduate with the faculty to which he or she belongs should be written both on the epitaph and envelope.

The epitaph should be written on standard-sized paper. Its contents is left to the individual, who should strive for originality and conciseness. In no case should the length exceed 100 words.

in the Canadian Student by Dr. T. Z. Koo, as follows: "Smoothness of life comes only with the correct order of the primary values of life; we must learn to discriminate between them. There is a need for the discovery of unity, and this must be looked for in the higher things of life."

"We must discover the will of God," said Mr. Brooks, "and carry it out no matter how difficult it may be. This controlling principle in Jesus' life is valid today. We must be willing to surrender our own will to the will of God, if we too would know the secret of life."

After a short discussion, the chairman referred to the other meetings to be held. It was announced that the next general meeting would be held on November 19, when Dr. R. W. Collins will speak on "Christianity and Communism." Dwight Williams announced that two more study groups were being formed this week, and that anyone interested in joining one of them should see either himself or George Haythorne, the general secretary of the S.C.M.

THE PURSUIT OF WISDOM

Dreaming of the old—
Speaking with the new,
Seeking out the things
Which are forever true.

Reasoning and building
Over issues dead,
Raising up a fabric
For the years ahead.

Building out of thought
A curtain for a room—
Human hands upon the thread
But God behind the loom.

—O. R. W.

THE HEART'S EASE OR THE HEART SEES

(Continued from Page 3)

woman, you can't hold me body and soul," I ejaculated.

She finally took pity on my plight and opened the door wide enough for me to extricate myself.

Try Again

Dragging my lacerated foot with me, I dejectedly approached the next house which, I decided, would be the last. By this time my hat no longer sat on my head at a jaunty angle, and I no longer cared whether my tie covered my buttonless shirt front or not. Slowly and painfully I climbed the steps. I rang the bell and spent the moments of waiting in self-examination.

The door was opened by a woman who had a face like the frigid zone. I trembled and quaked, and finally stammered, "Good morning, Dammit, I prairie!"

"Yes, I know you're a little prairie flower growing wilder every hour and that no one cares to pick you up because you're a nut — yes, you're a nut," jeered this human icicle.

"Now, leave these premises immediately or I'll inform the warden," she went on in her habitually pleasant manner.

So, footsore and weary, disconsolate and aggrieved, I limped away, wounded in spirit and in body. The sun still shone, but a great cloud choked my fainting soul.

Happily, however, all the rebuffs of the morning had entirely banished my love-sickness.

Here endeth the first lesson.

Quakers, drunkards, and idealists may be barred from U.S. citizenship. —Headline in a Toronto paper. Birds of a feather?

STUDENTS' COUNCIL MEETING MINUTES

Nov. 9th, 1931.

(a) Call to Order:
The Students' Council met in Arts 135, Monday, Nov. 9th, at 7:30 p.m., President Manning in the chair.

(b) Minutes:
The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

(c) New Business:
1. Motion: That the Students' Council undertake the support of the Students' Petition regarding Canadian representation at Disarmament Conference and form a committee to circulate this petition and sponsor whatever educational program they find suitable. Carried.

2. Motion: That Geo. Neely be appointed as convener of a Disarmament Committee with power to choose the personnel of the committee. Carried.

3. Motion: That the Students' Union Budget be accepted as presented. Carried.

4. Motion: That the dates from November 12th to 25th be set for refund on Green and Gold Year Books. Carried.

5. Motion: That \$13.45 be repaid to Bill Meadows for expenses on trip to Calgary to attend the annual meeting of the Alberta Rugby Association. Carried.

(d) Adjournment:
Motion: That the meeting adjourn. The meeting adjourned at 9:45 p.m.

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